



HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

MAY-JUNE 1997

HERTZOG'S PHOTOGRAPHIC COLLECTION RECOVERED

by Richard S. Hutchinson

The Hightstown- East Windsor Historical Society has recovered the photographic collection of Phares H. Hertzog, late professor at Peddie School and local amateur photographer of the Hightstown-East Windsor area from about 1910.

When I recovered the time capsule from within the Peddie Lake wall in 1996, the only photograph in the capsule that didn't survive was the photograph of Phares H. Hertzog. Now, the irony of his photo being the only one destroyed in the time capsule is that he took all of the photographs that were put into the time capsule; as he was the official photographer of Hightstown's Bicentennial.

After the time capsule work was completed and the wall restored, I began to ask some ques-

tions about Mr. Hertzog because I had noticed the negative numbers on the back of each recovered photo were numbered in the two hundred series. This made me believe that there were many other negatives of the Bicentennial that hadn't been printed and may still be around somewhere. I soon learned that Mr. Hertzog was deceased but that his only child, Catharine, lived somewhere in Pennsylvania. After a little investigation, I found his daughter as Rev. & Mrs Hugh Coombs of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

After some pleasant conversation by telephone and a couple of letters, Mrs. Coombs advised me that she didn't know

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Can anyone identify this child? The negative reads, "Eleanor Morris' sister".



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

MAY

- 5 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House
- 22 "Resident's Recollections of Early Hightstown Employ" from last issue, 7:30PM, Ely House

JUNE

- 5 Business Meeting and Election of Officers, 7:30PM, Ely House

Have a safe, enjoyable summer!

GERTRUDE APPELEGET WYCKOFF

by Richard S. Hutchinson

Gertrude Applegget Wyckoff was born on the 7th of May in 1840 at the family homestead at the mill complex at Wyckoff Mills, New Jersey. She died on the 19th of November 1939, in Manasquan, New Jersey, at the age of 99 years and is buried in Brainerd Cemetery in Cranbury, New Jersey. She was the ninth child and the fifth daughter of Peter and Elizabeth (Baird) Wyckoff and the granddaughter of Capt. David Baird, who was one of General George Washington's aides during the Revolution. Her other siblings were: Lydia born 15 May 1822, Baird born 9 June 1824, Jacob born 15 May 1826, John born 19 March 1828, Mary Ann born 23 June 1831, Gertrude born 20 July 1832, Elizabeth born 26 September 1834, and Peter born 21 October 1837.

Gertrude's sister, who was born before her in 1832, was also named Gertrude and was the sixth child of the family, but who was being raised in the home of Peter Wyckoff's sister, Mrs. Gertrude (Wyckoff) Applegget, the wife of Kenneth Applegget, who later moved into Hightstown.

In 1840, before Gertrude Applegget Wyckoff was born, her older sister Gertrude, at the age of eight years died and the Applegget's having no children, were heart bro-

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GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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ken. It was then decided in the family that if another girl was born to Peter and Elizabeth (Baird) Wyckoff, the girl would be given to the Applegets to be raised in their household as their daughter. Therefore, at the birth of a girl in 1840, she was named Gertrude Appleget Wyckoff and two weeks later was taken to the home of her adopted parents, Kenneth and Gertrude (Wyckoff) Appleget.

It wasn't until she was about nine or ten years old that Gertrude learned that the family at the Wyckoff Mill complex was actually her real father and mother rather than her aunt and uncle as she had learned to call them.

Gertrude was raised as an only child and lived on the family homestead. Later, the Applegets built the mansion now standing on the east side of North Main Street in Hightstown, now known as 503 North Main. She called her adopted parents "Papa" and "Mama." However, she was also cared for during her formative years by former slaves, who stayed on with the family as servants at her "parents" home. The one person that had the most care for her while growing up, besides her parents, was the servant who ran the house and was known as "Mammy Gin."

On the 26th of October 1865, Gertrude married the Rev. Dr. James McClusky Maxwell, who was a Presbyterian minister from Missouri. They met when Maxwell was visiting his uncle in Hightstown. After their marriage, they lived in many states including Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other locations while serving the church. She traveled extensively in Europe and became friend with Clara Barton.

Mrs. Maxwell finally made her way back permanently to Hightstown shortly before her husband died on the 13th of November in 1903. She returned to the mansion house on the North Main Street and lived there till about 1919. In her nineties, she moved to Manasquan and lived in several places with relatives until her death in 1939.

What is so important about Gertrude is that she had a phenomenal memory and

had the ability to put down those memories of her life; about growing up on the family homestead and mill complex, and later in Hightstown. From these memories, she wrote her autobiography. Her work captures for us a first hand account of the ways of life in Hightstown and Cranbury during the mid 1800s.

In her work, she hides the names of towns and people to some degree, while identifying some of them in the draft of her autobiography. For example, she refers to Hightstown as "John's Town" and Cranbury as "Sweet Auburn." With the names of the persons she mentions, she gives you enough of the last name or the beginning initial from which you can identify the person. [In some instances, I have been able to identify other names of those she doesn't identify in her work through my research of the families in this area.]



*Gertrude Appleget
(Wyckoff) Maxwell.*

During the next few issues of the *Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society News*, I plan to run the chapters of her work published at age ninety in May 1939, which cover the first ten years of her life. The rest of her life, in draft format, was made part of our manuscript collection in 1995. The chapters being published in our newsletter will only be those that deal with her daily life around and in our community. Several chapters dealing with her married life, after having moved to different states and abroad, will not be printed because they relate to other areas rather than our own community. So, sit back and learn what it was like to live in Hightstown in the mid 1800s through the first hand account of little girl who lived it; Gertrude Appleget (Wyckoff) Maxwell.

CHAPTER 1 Seven Times One

*I've said my "seven times"
over and over,
Seven times one are seven,*

*I'm old, so old, I can write a letter
My birthday lessons are done.*

*The lambs play always,
they know no better
They are only one times one.*

- Jean Ingelow

The outstanding event of my seventh year, was the death of my beloved grandfather. I was the only child in the home of my grandfather and parents. The other members of the family were four servants who had been slaves and refused to leave "Ole Marse" when slavery was abolished in New Jersey in 1835.

All were elderly, and all, white and black alike, catered to my slightest wish. We lived close beside a little Village in Central New Jersey.

Old deeds in my possession show the several tracts of land comprising our Farm were purchased in 1774 by my great grandfather from the man [John Hight] whose surname is the prefix of the town and whose given I shall use for this story.

Four score and ten years ago when I was born, the thoroughfare of John's town [Hightstown] was Main Street. It had been an Indian trail, a bridle path, and in the good old Stage coach days was a popular rendezvous for the exchange of horses between Camden and Amboy and for the refreshment of passengers to and from Philadelphia and New York.

Two other streets were projections. One leading westward to a collage town [Princeton] bore the name of three eminent Jersey men who had helped make the State historic. I am not sure which of the three was honored but I think it was the Commodore [Stockton].

The other street leading to the State Capital [Mercer, Mercer Co] was named

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HERTZOG'S COLLECTION

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if there were any items remaining of her father's photographic collection. She believed that he may have possibly thrown out many of the sought after items. However, Mrs. Coombs indicated that when she had some time she would look around and see if any such material existed.

Much to my surprise, Mrs. Coombs called me during the first week of March and asked if I could meet with she and her husband who were going to make a trip to Hightstown. She indicated that she had found some items and she would like to give them to the society if we wanted them.

On March 6th, at approximately 1:00PM, Mr and Mrs Coombs met with me at the Ely House where we spent a pleasant afternoon touring the home and discussing many topics of interest about the community of Hightstown. At the end of the tour, they presented to me for the society hundreds of sheet film, glass negatives, and photographic prints taken by her father. They were enclosed in the same wooden cases that he had used to store his negatives. Most of the negatives and prints were of her father's loves in life; i.e. nature, beautiful scenery, animals, plants, scouting, and other personal photos. In addition to there being negatives of the above items, I also found both prints and negatives of Peddie School events, personnel, students and items pertaining to the Hightstown - East Windsor area. Included among the items of local historical interest, were negatives and glass plate negatives of the mills in both Etra and Hightstown, the early wooden dams in both Hightstown and Etra, very early plain wooden houses marked Hightstown, negatives of unpublished photos of Hightstown's Bicentennial parade and events, fireworks, fires, floods and many other items. Most of these items were shots never before published. All of these negatives and photos date from about 1911-1940s.

Who was Phares H. Hertzog you ask? Phares H. Hertzog was born on 9 September 1880 in Ephrata, Pennsylvania. He graduated from Millersville State Normal School in 1902, from Bucknell University with a B.S. in 1910, and Princeton Uni-

versity with an A.M. in 1914. He was Assistant State Zoologist in the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania area from 1906-1908. He became a science teacher and head of the Science Department at Peddie School in 1910. During the summer months, he was employed as a State Nursery Inspector. He was a member of the Entomological Society of America, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Archaeological Society of Pennsylvania. He was the discoverer of several species of new insects and authored books on the discoveries. Among his many hobbies were the study of insects, reptiles and photography. He was a member of the Baptist Church of Hightstown and a member of the Coterie.

Because of Hertzog's skill with the camera and his photographic eye, he was chosen to be the official photographer for Hightstown's four-day Bicentennial event in 1921.

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Phares H. Hertzog and "friend".

HIGHTSTOWN EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

founded 1971

Serving Hightstown Borough
and East Windsor Township
609-371-9580

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GERTRUDE APPLEGET WYCKOFF

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for a gallant General who fell on a nearby battlefield [Princeton] in 1777. The County also bore his name.

On this street in 1840 stood the lone Academy, a kind of public school governed by Trustees.

Little girls of tender age were not in my day in personal touch with the school room, but were taught at home. I could print a letter and manage fairly well a chapter in the First Reader when my seventh birthday was reached.

I had acute hearing and I think a fairly acute mind for I seemed to know all the happenings at home and in the community. The absorbing subject of conversation at this time was the new Teacher, (whom I will call Prof. W.-) who disdained the use of the rod and would have none of it. This was so contrary to custom that the Trustees, who believed to a man in the Solomonic precept, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," were doubtful of Prof. W's ability to govern.

A further cause of friction was his refusal to receive colored children in school, this being the red rag to one of the Trustees; the Professor wisely moved to the north end of Main Street where he established a Classical School which with two changes of environment continued for thirty years a power for the uplift of young men.

Professor W. who was a man of vision, and seeing an opening in another town and leaving his school in good hands he moved Eastward a dozen miles [Freehold], and started "A School" which for many years continued to be the stepping stone to Business or Professional life for the young men of middle Jersey. The same building and grounds with a few additions is still a school.

As has been intimated, I was much in the lime-light when a little girl, due I hope to the solicitude of the family for my amusement and entertainment rather than to my disposition.

I was very fond of driving and the gig, family carriage, carryall or sleigh did not leave the premises without me.

One favorite short drive was out a narrow country road to a little settlement called Milford [Etra] where there was a beautiful pond; a grist mill and a fulling mill. The place is not known as Milford now and the country road is a popular boulevard and the fulling mill has gone to decay, but it all remains with me—a bright "picture that hangs on Memory's wall."

Johnson's Fulling Mill was, as late as 1845, the place to which the farmer's brought their wool after sheep shearing time, to have it converted into long fleecy rolls for spinning. I wanted them kept intact, they were so soft and white.

As I remember, they were the thickness of a candle and about the length of seven or eight ordinary candles; they were pulled into strands and spun on a big wheel into fine yarn which was knitted into long woolen stockings, mittens, garters and galluses

There was another place at Milford of great interest to me. It was the home of Mrs. Lottie Skinner, the daughter of the fulling mill proprietor. She had a curious little shop in the corner of her home full of blocks and band boxes.

The blocks were used to pressing bonnets, for every Spring beautiful Leghorn and Dunstable straw bonnets were brought to Lottie Skinner to be made over into the correct shape.

These bonnets were costly and a new one was expected to last several years. If it became soiled Mrs. Lottie cleaned it. If it was yellowed, she bleached it. If it was limbered, she stiffened it, and then it was pressed over the new block into the shape of the prevailing mode.

I cannot remember whether Lottie Skinner trimmed bonnets or not, but the trimming was negligible. Ribbon was cut in lengths of an eighth of a yard which was sewed together, gathered and tacked under the crown for a cape; sometimes the ribbon crossed between crown and brim and met under the chin where it was tied in a bow. Whatever varieties of trimming were used at this time on the outside there was always the bow under the chin and a finger length of flowers on the inside, fram-

ing the cheeks of the wearer. Girls in their teens and matrons wore the same shape bonnets and both alike wore mantillas and lace shawls.

In Godey's and Peterson's Ladies' books of the period and in Harper's Magazine for a time were interesting fashion plates illustrative of the most approved fashions.

The men's head gear was attended to in the town. A jolly little, fat man called Jake manufactured Beaver hats.

They were not tall and slender like silk hats of later days, but were short and dumpy. I thought they looked like Uncle Jake. All the men wore them and the name of the maker was stamped on the lining of the crown and they had large sale in the nearby cities.

In our town they were worn until they were the worse for wear, and this process was hastened because the owners, in shaving, almost always cut themselves and then they called lustily, "Fetch my beaver," from which they plucked a bit of fur to staunch the blood.



Rev. James M. Maxwell, 1864.

GERTRUDE APPLEGET WYCKOFF

It did look funny to see on the green and in front of the Church on a Sunday morning so many men alike in their hats and little black patches on chin or upper lip!

A vivid memory of my childhood is a visit I made with my grandfather to the shop of the little hatter. Another is of a visit with my nurse to the shop of Granny P., whose sign, like the one in T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy", read

Cake and Beer
Sold here

And one other never-to-be-forgotten occasion was when my nurse took me to see an immersion, in the pond below the dam; steps led down to the water and a great many people stood on the bridge above. I thought it a beautiful sight!

There were social events of an earlier time that I knew about and I sometimes thought I had lived them in an earlier period of existence, but as my Mama was married and settled in John's town in 1821 I think she must have told me of events she participated in, as well as those told her.

Of the latter was the method by which people were rendered immune from smallpox before the days of Jenner and vaccination, by a number of families at the home of one being isolated there, inoculated and nursed in the one home.

My grandfather and his sister had their children and slaves so treated at the sister's house, the last one on North Main Street, possibly because she had the larger house; or more convenient one. The would-be patients were on a diet of mush and molasses ten days before their isolation, then put in rooms from which the furniture had been removed and beds substituted, then inoculated and cared for.

Provisions of a light character were sent to a half way spot agreed upon, and received by the other family. Cases were light and no marks left and after all danger of infection was over the visiting family went home and order was restored all round.

There were but few activities in the first century of the town's existence. I have heard of training days and horse racing, but in the next hundred years from 1821 there were quilting parties, singing schools, turkey dinners, balls and great meetings etc. I quote from a booklet published by a descendant of the founder --

1721-First Log Cabin "somewhere on Rocky Brook."

1749-First Blacksmith Shop.

1751-First Mill.

1783-First Store.

One wonders where the founder got his horses shod or his wheat and corn ground into flour and meal, or his wife got her groceries and needles and pins. My great grandfather built his house in 1775 on Timber Run and I know the exact spot and the Mill he patronized and the place where he bought his tea and sugar and silk pocket handkerchiefs.

My Mama was a keen observer and a good narrator. She has often told me of the completion of the historic Camden and Amboy Railroad and the excitement when the engine Johnny Bull steamed by in 1835. Crowds sat on fences and stood in fence corners, and carriages filled the roads, and hurrahs and hand clappings were deafening all along the route. And it was a great achievement and made the trip between Philadelphia and New York much shorter than in the old Stage Coach days.

There was still the ferry to reckon with across the river and the steamboat across the bay and I suppose the wildest imagination of that day saw no vision of a beautiful bridge over the Delaware nor a wonderful tunnel under the Hudson!

In talking over old times, long after "Johnny Bull's" exploit, the granddaughters of some of the ladies of John's town said their grandmothers sat opposite each other on a journey to New York to watch the sparks which flew from the wood fire of the engine so holes would not be burned through their bonnets and clothing.

Johnny Bull now peacefully reposes in the Smithsonian Institute!

Fulton's steamboat early in 1800 and the railroad in the middle of the third decade of the century were vital factors in developing traffic between the two great cities, and the East and the West.

Locally it interested my Mama to know she could to visit her brother in New York without lying over in the sailboat if the wind was contrary, or the boat becalmed. In her girlhood, she was often as many days making the journey as it would be hours now in making the same distance.

The railroad cut an ugly furrow through the eastern end of my grandfather's farm and the woodland to the north.

The only compensation was a pass to New York closely written on a piece of paper half the size of the new bank bills of last year, and signed by Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken.

My Papa said it was too trifling to bother with and put it away for a keepsake, and paid his fare.

My grandfather was mildly interested and watched the trains go by, but in the dozen years he lived after the railroad was finished he was never on the road nor in a coach. He said "a drive or a ride was good enough for him." He sat in his eightieth year on a horse as erectly as in his youth, and his eye sight and hearing were good till the end of his life journey.

When I was a school girl and came across Oliver Wendell Holmes' (the poet) description of an old man I deeply resented two of the verses as an insult to my grandfather. I quote them from memory:

*"But now he walks the streets
And he looks at all he meets.
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head
And 'tis as if he said
They are gone.*

*And now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff--
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh."*

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GERTRUDE APPLEGET WYCKOFF

When I reached my seventh year, six months before my dear grandfather's death a traveling man in a house on wheels settled down on a vacant lot in town to take daguerreotypes of the citizens. My grandfather said "You must have your picture taken." The family said "I could not sit still the required minutes." My Papa, watch in hand, timed me. Then came the question of pose. My mammy nurse Gin said "You must have hold of your grandfather's hand." My grandfather negatived this. Then Jane, the upper maid, who loved pretty things said "You must have your doll in your arms, it is dressed so beautiful." This was jeered and the comment was "Yous all know little Missy never plays with her doll."

Spec, the gardner and the man of all work, said "She must have her little hoe in her hand." He was laughed down because my gardening was not encouraged;

weeds and flowers were alike to me.

Last of all, Jeff, the coachman, said he "would carry my lamb down and I could have my hand on its head" and this met with a derisive guffaw and "Don you know ... that lam is moreset friskier then little Missy hersel?"

My Mama said nothing but when the eventful day came Jane plaited my hair in two long braids, tucked up the long sleeves of my plaid frock to show my bare arms (just above the elbow) and arrayed me in my long gold chain with a gold pencil at the end where a watch was to be a little later.

We went the four of us, in the family carriage, the four colored folk in the road to see us off and more deeply interested in the event I think than the principal actors. Blessed old times!

Getting a daguerreotype was a serious business! The head was fastened between a metal clamp and the sitter told to "keep perfectly quiet and look at some object without winking."

Mine came out a little stiff and angular but was considered a good likeness and in a half open case stood in the place of honor on the high mantel between two tall brass candle sticks. Years afterward, before it faded, I had it copied in India ink for my Mama.

Still later, a new acquaintance, seeing it on the wall, asked, "Who is that ugly little girl?" I told her "I agreed with her estimate of the little girl" but I did not reveal the identity of the little girl!

[End of Chapter I, to be continued]

WHO DESIGNED THE SAMUEL SLOAN HOUSE? THE SEARCH CONTINUES

by Robert W. Craig

In the March/April 1996 issue of the Newsletter, I reported on my investigation of the construction of the Samuel Sloan house, at 238 South Main Street, which was built in 1856 and whose design had been attributed to Samuel Sloan, the nationally famous architect based in Philadelphia, who popularized the Italianate style. In that article I was able to show that the architect Sloan never owned or lived in the house, and that the Samuel Sloan who did live there was a local merchant who came to Hightstown in 1855 from Upper Freehold. But the question of who designed the house or where the design inspiration came from remained unanswered.

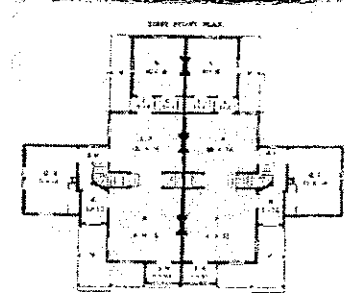
The question is still unanswered, but a search continues, and some progress has been made. However, the results so far do not lead in the direction of Sloan. In 1851 and 1852, Sloan published a two-volume work of his designs, *The Model Architect*, featuring numerous Italianate houses among other designs. These two books have been reprinted in one paperback volume by Dover Publications. In paging through the reprint recently, I found no

designs that even remotely resembled the Sloan house in Hightstown. So far, the design closest in spirit, if not in detail, that has been uncovered in any of the sources yet consulted, is the plate reproduced below. It appeared in 1856 in a book entitled *Village and Farm Cottages ...*, by Henry W. Cleaveland, William Backus, and Samuel D. Backus, published in New York by D. Appleton & Co. This design has the large ripped roof main block that projects in front of symmetrical wings, and a covered front porch that wraps around from the wing on one side to the wing on the other. But there is much that this design lacks. First, it is a two-family, not a single-family house, and it lacks any of the fine detail that marks the Sloan house. It lacks a central "lantern" in the roof (what many people might call a "cupola"), and the wings are only one story, not two stories, high. Still, it does show that designers other than Sloan were thinking along similar lines in 1856, the year that the house in Hightstown was built.

In the early 1850s, Samuel Sloan, the architect, also published designs regu-

larly in *Godey's Lady's Book*, a popular magazine of fashion, and there they would have gotten a wider audience than even his *The Model Architect*. These Sloan designs have yet to be checked.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Craig asks that if anyone has both the time and inclination to search the above publications for the above, to please contact him at 584-1806.]



SISTER OF DEAD SOLDIER A HIGHTSTOWN WOMAN STRANGE RESULT OF LETTER IN THE "GAZETTE" LAST WEEK

The following article appeared in the Hightstown Gazette of the 24th of August in 1905:

The *Gazette* last week printed a letter from the Rev. Selah Applegate, of Parsons, W. VA., in which he wrote of finding the grave of "No. 3967, T.F. Applegate, of New Jersey" in the National Military Cemetery at Winchester, Va. Mr Applegate stated that the records showed Private Applegate was a Monroe township boy and asked that the *Gazette* try to locate his home and inform his relatives, if possible, of his burial place. The letter was published with this hope and it was thought that it might sometime come to the notice of relatives perhaps many miles away. Instead of that, the article was read within an hour after its publication by the dead soldier's sister who lives in sight of the *Gazette* office. She is Mrs. Charles F. Hunt, of Forman street, and through the *Gazette* she and her family learned for the first time where her brother is buried.

Thomas F. Applegate was born near Prospect Plains and enlisted in Co. H, 14th regt, Capt. Symmes H. Stults, Aug 14th,

1862. He was then less than eighteen years of age, but proved to possess remarkable skill with a rifle and became one of the best sharpshooters in the company. At the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., on Oct. 19th, 1864, he was killed in action while loading his gun, a bullet from another sharpshooter passing through his heart. This much was known to his family, but as his regiment was driven away from the spot where he fell nothing was ever known of his burial or of his grave, until Mr. Applegate's letter appeared.

Private Applegate's parents were Forman and Elizabeth Applegate, of Monroe township, both of whom are now dead. Besides Mrs. Hunt he is survived by the following brothers and sisters, George S. Applegate, of Burlington; Jacob Applegate, of Burlington; John Applegate, of Applegarth; Mrs. David Cox, of Applegarth; Mrs David Mount, of South Amboy, and Miss Jane E. Applegate of Perth Amboy. Mrs Hunt and other members of the family are deeply grateful that this chance visit of Mr. Applegate's and the letter which followed should at this late day result in their knowing where their soldier brother lies at rest.

QUERY

Need parents: Samuel H. JONES, b. Aug 1793, Burl. Co, NJ, d. Mar 1875, Sangamon Co, IL., mar. Ca. 1818, Charlotte HENDRICKSON, b. 31 Dec 1800, Mon. Co., NJ-d. 27 Jun 1868, Sangamon Co, IL; Job CUBBERLEY, b. 1802, NJ-d. 8 Aug 1855, IL, mar. Ca. 1830, NJ, Mary AYRES/AYERS, born 1811, NJ; William M. HENDRICKSON, b. 22 May 1760, NJ-d. 17 Sep 1838, Mon. Co., NJ, mar. 7 Feb 1795, Mon. Co, Hannah WOOLLY, b. Sep 1761, NJ-d. 28 Jun 1854, Clarksburg, NJ; William HENDRICKSON, b. ca. 1736, NJ, mar. 21 Dec 1756, Mon. Co, NJ, Charity ROBINSON, b. ca. 1740, NJ; Austin HEATH, b. 4 Jun 1820, Hunt. Co, NJ-d. 29 Jul 1903, mar. Eliza LYONS, 6 Apr 1845; Moses N. BRANSON, b. 28 Dec 1801, Burl/Ocean Co., NJ-d. 3 Jul 1877, Shelby Co, OH, mar. Harriet NUTT, 8 Jul 1821, Montgomery Co, OH; John HEATH, b.17 Apr 1788, Locktown, NJ-d. 1827, mar. Mary BAR-RACK, b. 29 Jun 1782-d. 29 Dec 1864. ADD: Donna Huston, 4435 W. Corrine Drive, Glendale, AZ 85304.

FLASH!!

Society just notified that our newsletter has received **HONORABLE MENTION** in the "County or Local Society" category for 1996 by the National Genealogical Society. Look for more information in our September/October 1997 issue.

Join today,
become a member!

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Membership
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Individual Membership Family Membership

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Please mail the completed application, along with a check made payable to the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society to:

Membership Committee
Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society
164 North Main Street
Hightstown, NJ 08520

SOCIETY ACQUISITIONS

1. Metal mechanical asparagus buncher made by Wyckoff Brothers, Hightstown, NJ. Gift from Robert Wilson, Sr, Hightstown, NJ.
2. Five spoons engraved "Peddie". Gift of Richard Hutchinson, Hightstown, NJ.
3. Hightstown school diploma (1898) and other certificates of John Wesley West. Gift of Richard Hutchinson, Hightstown, NJ.
4. Mortar and pestle and framed photograph of David Goldstein, druggist, using the mortar and pestle at his business. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. David Goldstein, Hightstown, NJ.
5. Various paid receipts from businesses in Hightstown, Monmouth Co and Middlesex Co relating to the Orr Family. Gift from Mr. and Mrs. John Orr, Versailles, Kentucky.
6. Photocopy of the plot owners names in the Annex, deeds of some plot owners of the Cedar Hill Cemetery; 1845-1996.
7. Violinist's chair of Mr. Norton, father of Grace Norton Rogers. Purchase by the Society.
8. Photos, correspondence, booklets, magazines, and other materials. Indefinite loan from the Hightstown Memorial Library.
9. Six program booklets of various plays in Hightstown; ca. 1901-1926. Gift of Bill and Jeanette Rue, Hightstown, NJ.
10. Research on the Rowan Family in New Jersey and Hightstown; 1700s-1800s. Gift of Dewey Harden, Loveland, Ohio.
11. Phares H. Hertzog photographic collection; negatives, glass negatives, prints by Peddie professor and amateur photographer Mr. Hertzog. Shots of Hightstown, East Windsor Township, Peddie students and grounds, etc. Gift of Rev. Hugh and Catherine (Hertzog) Coombs, Elizabethtown, PA.
12. Presbyterian Church 100th Anniversary (1957) Program and Hightstown Engine Co #1, 125th Anniversary book (1835-1960). Gift of Richard Hutchinson, Hightstown, NJ.

HERTZOG'S COLLECTION

Continued from page 3

Many of Hertzog's photographs of the Hightstown-East Windsor area have been made into postcards. However, Hertzog is most notably known as the man who always had snakes in his hands, pockets or around his neck. Many people I spoke to, including his daughter, stated that he would always make sure that you had a snake wrapped around your neck shortly after meeting him. It was his way of teaching people not to fear snakes.

The society is deeply thankful to both Rev. Hugh and Mrs. Catharine Coombs for their generous donation of Phares H. Hertzog's photographic collection. The society has taken those negatives from his collection pertaining to the Hightstown-East Windsor area and is in the process of having prints made of them. These will then be put on display at one of our upcoming society meetings before being added to our photographic collection.

**Hightstown-East Windsor
Historical Society**
164 North Main Street
Hightstown, New Jersey 08520

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